Sweet, Southern Rain

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Sweet, Southern Rain

by AtlasMothman

Summary

Hannibal's car breaks down in the middle of nowhere, in the pouring rain. Luckily, he has a handsome, handy husband there to come to the rescue. Perhaps Hannibal could make it up to Will in some way?

Notes

CW: There is a brief mention to Will's father not wanting to teach him how to work on cars due to gender stereotypes, but other than that, everything is in the tags.

This was a quick one shot because I couldn't stop thinking about Will's southern roots and how he's good with cars and boats.

Also, I do not speak Lithuanian. I used the internet for translations, so if they are horribly wrong, I'm really sorry.

As always, I hope you like it!

~Moth 🦋💖

See the end of the work for more notes

"Are you okay? Where are you?" Hannibal smiles slightly at the worry sounding in Will's voice over the phone.

"I'm afraid my car broke down. I'm going to call a tow truck, but I wanted to let you know first." The thought of his husband fretting over why Hannibal was late home struck a chord. They'd been "on the run" for nearly a year now, but the worry never left them. It never will. How could it when you fear the loss of your most important person?

"I'm coming to get you." He could hear the creak of the couch as Will sat up and began pulling his shoes on.

"Will, that's not necessary. A tow truck and a cab ride will suffice."

He heard Will snort as he grabbed his keys, "There aren't any cabs this far out, darlin'. Besides, we need to keep a low profile, remember?"

Hannibal sighed in defeat, "Very well. I'll send you my location."

"Thank you. Turn your brights on, so I can see you. I'll see you soon."

"Will," Hannibal protested before the younger man could hang up, "Please bring an umbrella and a jacket."

Will, of course, did not bring an umbrella and a jacket. He came in a torn flannel thrown over an equally worn Henley shirt. He did, however, have the sense to throw on his work boots. Hannibal watched them connect with the mud of the dirt road with a concerningly messy splash.

"What are you doing? I'll get out and get into your truck," he rolled his window down the slightest bit to yell at Will over the beating rain. Briefly, he looked down at his three piece suit and pristine leather loafers and sighed in defeat. Sacrifices had to be made at times.

"No, stay there! I got it!" To Hannibal's horror, Will ran from his truck to Hannibal's car. "Hello, darlin'," he grinned as he opened the driver door briefly, reaching over the older man to pop the hood and give Hannibal the fastest kiss on the cheek.

"Will! You're going to catch a cold! We can leave the car here overnight," but Will wasn't listening. He had a toolbox in hand and the hood up enough to work, but not enough to allow the rain in.

"Your suit will be ruined, Hannibal! Besides, this won't take me long!" He began to work as Hannibal sat there in shock, any other protest dying on his lips.

He thought of Will twenty years younger, a wisp of a thing, but strong and tanned from the Louisiana sun. He imagined he'd done this before, many times.

Had it been on his first truck? A gift from his grandparents when he graduated high school. Hannibal imagined it was old and ugly, the paint dull and the entire thing looking constantly

as if it were about to collapse. Will would grow used to the countless times he was parked on the side of the road, kicking a tire before he settled in to get it running again to make it home.

Or maybe it was his father's truck? The engine stuck constantly and wouldn't turn over, so John Graham called his only child to come help him with it. Maybe they banged shoulders as they worked together. Or maybe John was a bit of a control freak and a young Will simply handed him tools or held the flashlight as he worked.

Perhaps it was both. Hannibal would ask on the way home.

Something warm pooled in Hannibal's belly as he watched Will work. His flannel had soaked through, so Will simply took the weight off and let it fall to the mud soaked ground. His Henley was faring no better- the back completely soaked through and the rain trailing down Will's shoulders to his pecs. Hannibal could see where the white fabric clung to his skin, where the pink of his nipples and scars shone through. His fingers twitched and then gripped around the leather of his steering wheel.

Hannibal was startled out of his staring when Will yelled a curse and then slammed the hood shut. He was a sight to behold in Hannibal's headlights: drenched, clothing a second skin as his curls fell heavy to his forehead, the light and rain around him creating a halo effect. Hannibal itched with the need to touch.

"Will, what's wrong? Are you alright?" Drenched curls shook and failed miserably to rid themselves of rain droplets as Will ran to Hannibal's driver door.

"I can't get it. I'm sorry, Hannibal. I'm gonna hook your car to my hitch, though, and then I can pull it home. Do you wanna ride in the car or do you want to make the run to the cab of my truck?" Hannibal blinked a few times and swallowed around the urge to ask what a 'hitch' was.

"Your truck. I can make the short distance." Will beamed at him.

"Great! Just wait there for a bit longer. I'm gonna hitch your car and then I'll get you into my truck."

"I can walk to the truck, Will." The confusion was clearly laced through Hannibal's words.

Will laughed at the sound, "I know, Hannibal. I have a spare tarp in the truck, I'll bring it to you and you can put it over you while you run to the truck." Hannibal simply gaped at the younger man. He imagined this must be the southern version of throwing your coat down over a puddle to allow the other to walk over it. The thought warmed Hannibal through his very being.

"Okay, Will," When did his voice become so soft? "That sounds wonderful. Thank you."

Will grinned and reached one cold, wet finger through the small gap of Hannibal's barely open window to brush against Hannibal's own raised hand, "You're welcome, baby. I'm afraid I can't save your shoes, but this I can do."

And then he was off again, running to his truck. He got in and moved so he was parked right in front of Hannibal's car. Hannibal watched as Will hooked one hand flat into the open bed of his truck and then jumped, launching himself into it in one fluid movement. His wet, clinging jeans were on eye level to Hannibal's view, "Šis berniukas mane nužudys." His thumb ran absentmindedly over his bottom lip as Will retrieve a large, yellow strap from the storage of his truck and then jump back down into the mud.

Will then began the tedious process of hooking the strap to the underside of his truck's hitch before turning to the front of Hannibal's car and, with a very cute wave to Hannibal inside, hooked it to the undercarriage of the car. Hannibal unabashedly watched the way the muscles in Will's arm worked as he cranked the strap taut and then pushed on it to make sure it was secure.

"All done!" Will sung happily into the small gap in the window, "Can you turn your flashers on and put your car in neutral please, baby?" And how could Hannibal say no to that?

Except… he absolutely could, "That seems like a lot of work, Will. Perhaps a kiss first?" He lowered his lashes and began lowering the window completely.

Will scoffed but then began laughing, "Hannibal! Your suit! I'll kiss you in the truck, I promise, okay?" To Hannibal's chagrin, Will was serious. He ran off, going to grab the tarp from inside his truck to hand to Hannibal through the open window.

Hannibal sighed, but obeyed. He readied the car to be pulled, put the window back up and the tarp over his head before he made a dash for Will's truck. When he got situated, he watched his husband running and then ducking into the driver's seat, drenched and laughing like a giddy child. His heart skipped like a wet stone Will himself had thrown.

Refusing to wait any longer, Hannibal grabbed the soaked collar of Will's Henley and pulled him to him, sealing their lips together. Will was freezing and Hannibal worried briefly as he ran his hot tongue over Will's lower lip, listening to the younger man moan into his mouth. Will lifted his hand as if to grab Hannibal, and then thought better of it due to his current state.

"Such a gentleman," Hannibal purred as he pulled back simply to watch how the words brought a flush to Will's damp cheeks.

Will chuckled, "I put in a lot of work trying to keep that suit clean."

"A shame," Hannibal joked, "We'd both be soaked and dripping if you hadn't." He took pride in the way Will swallowed thickly before turning his key in the ignition.

"Where did you learn how to fix cars? Your father?" Once Will eased both vehicles off the side of the road and carefully observed for a bit to make sure everything was secure, Hannibal broke the silence.

Will nodded, "He didn't want to teach me at first, actually. Said something about it not being 'proper'." Will rolled his eyes as Hannibal gave him a slight amused chuckle.

“It amazes me how certain things are gendered. You would imagine knowing basic car repair is required no matter what.”

“And what about you?” Will teased, “How much do you know about cars?”

Hannibal allowed the smallest bit of embarrassment to creep up beneath his collar, “Enough. I simply did not have enough use of it.”

Will nodded as if he understood, because he did, “My dad was taught at a young age and then he reluctantly taught me. It became less of a gendered thing and more of a money thing.”

“It came in use,” Hannibal smiled at him and intertwined his fingers with Will’s unoccupied hand. His fingers were cold and stiff and he began rubbing them gently between both of his hands to generate heat back into them.

Will sighed, grateful, “Wish I could have done more. I’m afraid you’ll need a new alternator.” Hannibal hummed as if he knew what that meant and Will smiled, fond.

“We’ll go to a proper mechanic in town this weekend. I just need the part, I know how to replace it.”

“Of course you do,” Hannibal hummed, pleased, as he pressed the back of Will’s hand to his mouth for a brief kiss, “Toks talentingas berniukas.”

Will raised an eyebrow and grinned, both confused and amused, “I still don’t know what you’re saying when you speak Lithuanian, Hannibal. You know that.”

Hannibal grinned against his skin, teeth showing mischievously, “Aš tave sugadinsiu, kai grįšime namo.”

Will sighed as if annoyed, “Hannibal,” he said chidingly.

“Nesijaudink, mano meile. Aš tave vėl subursiu.”

Will smiled, soft and fond, “I recognized ‘my love’.”

“That’s because I say it often.”

“You do.”

“Because it’s true,” Hannibal smiled and Will matched it, wistfully.

“We’re almost home,” Will spoke softly, but full of longing. Hannibal felt it deep in the pit of his stomach.

After they pulled into the driveway, Hannibal made a beeline for the door as Will parked the dead car and unhitched his pickup. When Will opened the front door, Hannibal was waiting for him, a towel in hand. He draped it over Will’s curls and shook them briefly as Will laughed before pulling Will into a heated kiss.

“Upstairs. It’s time for a hot shower.” Hannibal broke the kiss to grab Will’s hand and lead him up the stairs. Once in the bathroom, Will stepped into the empty bathtub, laughing as Hannibal watched his dripping form drop his soaked-through clothing into a pile inside of it. To Will’s surprise, Hannibal began stripping too.

“Are you gonna join me, baby?” Will grinned and blushed charmingly.

Hannibal hummed in amusement, “Someone has to warm you up,” he flirted to see Will laugh and stumble slightly as he got into the hot shower. He hissed slightly at the contrast between his cold skin and the heat of the shower.

Hannibal was on him as soon as he entered the cramped space, pressing Will against the nearest shower wall in order to have a proper kiss. Will’s skin was beginning to warm under the attention and Hannibal grinned, showing teeth into their open mouths. Will made the prettiest sound at the feel of his incisors.

“You’re such a gentleman, are you aware of that?” Hannibal grabbed a handful of Will’s curls and pulled roughly, scraping his teeth against Will’s neck to hear the younger man’s breath hitch before he soothed it with his lips.

“Just-“ Will laughed, high and shy, as Hannibal bit into a tender spot beneath the hollow of his ear, “Just trying to help my husband.”

“No, you give little weight to your actions, Will,” he began slowly tracing his hands down Will’s flanks before cupping his ass and bringing their hips together, “You’re such a handsome, chivalrous thing, aren’t you?” He slid a thick thigh between Will’s own, moaning quietly in sympathy as Will keened and began rubbing his little cock against him.

“Please,” Will gasped and arched into Hannibal, fisting a hand in his chest hair before sealing his lips to his. “Inside me, please.” He whispered as they broke apart.

Hannibal ignored him, sinking to his knees before Will, pressing kisses into the dips of his hips, “Such sweet, southern charm.” He grinned up from between Will’s thighs, “Getting absolutely drenched for your husband to watch. You’re so beautiful, Will.” Hannibal closed his eyes and tasted him, reveled in the heat between his thighs as he used a hand to part Will’s body for his warm tongue.

“Fuck, please,” Will snuck a head down and twined it through Hannibal’s silvering locks. He called out when Hannibal began sucking him in earnest, pulling back Will’s folds lightly to bob his head as he cradled Will’s cock on his tongue.

“I’m not gonna last,” Will warned. He never did when Hannibal was on his knees, worshipping. “I wanna come with you inside me, please.”

“You can do both,” Hannibal grinned, upping the pace of his mouth as he shouldered one of Will’s legs and slipped two fingers into Will’s dripping hole. He felt Will clench around him and groaned into his sensitive cock, sending Will gasping over the edge with a high call of his name. Hannibal let Will’s leg slip off of his shoulder and gripped the base of his cock to calm his own need, before standing up and using his body weight to keep Will standing.

Will's head rolled with his orgasm and hit the back of the shower wall with a thud. "Fuck, Hannibal," he whispered against Hannibal's kiss as he tasted himself on the older man's tongue. "Fuck me, now. Come on."

Loose limbed, Will lifted one leg and hitched it over Hannibal's hip, allowing his husband to slip inside of him with ease and a shared gasp of completeness.

"You feel so good," and Will sounded reverent, worshipful, as Hannibal began a slow rock of his hips into him. Hannibal felt the emotion stir him, nearly bring him over the edge much too soon, as he sunk his teeth into Will's shoulder to get his bearings and listen to the choked cry that leaves Will's throat when he does.

"Tu esi dieviškumas. Šventvagystė. Jūs esate dangus ir pragaras, susivieniję į vieną būtį." Hannibal bit out in his mother tongue as his thrusts sped up. Will's head spun with the promise of another orgasm as Hannibal's thick lower stomach and body hair rubbed rhythmically over his sensitive cock.

"I don't-" Will's breath hitched as Hannibal reached a particularly good angle within him, "I don't understand. Hannibal, tell me."

"Laikyti tave yra tarsi mylėtis su liepsna." Hannibal's thrusts grew sharp and sloppy as he neared his end, his voice coming out gruff and wilting. Will listened to his breathing pitch and his groans becoming frequent before he was calling out his name and coming inside of him. Will came the second time that night around Hannibal's twitching cock, nearly sobbing with the sensitivity.

"Fuck, I love you," he whispered as Hannibal slowly pulled out. They made eye contact and laughed, delirious and overjoyed in their post love making.

"I love you too, my boy," Hannibal leaned in to press a chaste kiss to Will's warm, damp curls, before standing back, slightly unbalanced, to grab a bottle of shampoo and begin lathering it into his hair.

Will hummed and soaped up a loofah as he did so, rubbing broad strokes into Hannibal's graying chest hair, "You didn't tell me what you said." He said accusingly, but quietly.

Hannibal laughed lowly, "Clearly I didn't perform well enough if you're concerning yourself over that."

Will snorted, "You know you… 'performed well'," he blushed slightly, "Don't go fishing for compliments. And I want to know. What did you say?"

Hannibal hummed, pausing in thought to grab the loofah from Will's hand before turning him to lean his back against his front so he could scrub over Will's chest. "You are divinity. Blasphemy. You are Heaven and Hell rolled into one being." He leaned forward, his lips a soft brush against Will's ear, "Holding you is like making love to a flame." He smiled at the feel of Will's skyrocketing pulse beneath his ribs.

"Oh," Will swallowed thickly.

“Oh,” Hannibal confirmed, smiling warmly into the back of Will’s neck.

“I… I love you, Hannibal. I know I don’t have sweet words like you, but-“ Will cut himself off, self conscious and at a loss for the right words.

Hannibal just shook his head lightly and turned him around and into his arms, “I don’t need sweet words, my love. You show how much you care for me with actions every day.”

“Like trying to fix your car in the pouring rain?” Will snorted into Hannibal’s collarbone.

“Exactly,” Hannibal chuckled.

Never before had Will or Hannibal been grateful to a broken down Bentley.

End Notes

Translations:
“Šis berniukas mane nužudys.” - This boy is going to kill me.
“Toks talentingas berniukas.” - Such a talented boy.
“Aš tave sugadinsiu, kai grįšime namo.”- I’m going to ruin you when we get home.
“Nesijaudink, mano meile. Aš tave vėl subursiu.” - Don’t worry, my love. I’ll put you back together again.”
“Tu esi dieviškumas. Šventvagystė. Jūs esate dangus ir pragaras, susivieniję į vieną būtį.” - You are divinity. Blasphemy. You are Heaven and Hell rolled into one being.
“Laikyti tave yra tarsi mylėtis su liepsna.” - Holding you is like making love to a flame.

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